

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

Will not peruse the foiles, so that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A Sword vnbatred, and in a pace of practise,  
Requite him for your father.

*Laer.* I will doo't,

And for the purpose, Ile annoint my Sword,  
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke  
So mortall, that but dip a Knife in it,  
Where it drawes bloud, no Cataplaine so rare  
Collected from all simples that haue vertue  
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death  
That is but scratcht with all. Ile touch my point  
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

*King.* Lets further thinke of this.

Weigh what conuiance both of time and meanes  
May fit vs to our shape if this should faile,  
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,  
Twere better not assayd. Therefore this proiect,  
Should haue a backe or second that might hold  
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,  
Wee'll make a solemne wager on your cunninges,  
I hau't, when in your motion you are hot and drie,  
As make your bouts more violent to that end,  
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue preferd him  
A Chalice for the once, whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noise?

*Enter Queene.*

*Quee.* One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,  
So fast they follow; your sisters drown'd *Laertes*.

*Laer.* Drown'd, O where?

*Quee.* There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brook,  
That shewes his hoarie leaues in the glassie streame,  
There with fantastick garlands did she make  
Of Crow-flowres, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples  
That liberrall Shepherds giue a grosser name,  
But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers cal them.  
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds

Clam-

## Prince of Denmarke.

Clambring to hang, an enuious fluer broke  
When downe her weedy trophas and her selfe,  
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spread wide,  
And Mermaid-like a while they bore her vp,  
Vvhich time she chanted snatches of old lauds,  
As one incapable of her owne distresse.  
Or like a creature natieue and indewed  
Vnto that element, but long it could not be  
Till that her garments heauy with their drinke,  
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alasse then is she drown'd.

*Quee.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,  
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet  
It is our trick, nature her custome holds,  
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,  
The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,  
I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase,  
But that this folly drownes it

*Exit.*

*King.* Let's follow *Gertrard*,  
How much I had to do to calme his rage,  
Now feare I this will giue it start againe.  
Therefore lets follow.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Clownes.*

*Clown.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, when she wilfully  
seeks her owne saluation?

*Oth.* I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the  
Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

*Clow.* How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd her selfe in her own  
defence.

*Oth.* Why tis found so.

*Clow.* It must be so offended, it cannot be else, for here lies the  
point, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act  
hath three branches, it is to act, to do, to performe, or all; she  
drown'd her selfe wittingly.

*Oth.* Nay, but here you good man deluer.

*Clow.* Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here stands the  
man,

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